

PRAYERS

THE LORD'S PRAYER

*Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.*

Give us this day our daily bread.

*And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

*For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.*

Amen.

THE BLESSING

SIGNING OF THE MARRIAGE DOCUMENT

*Witnesses - Stephanie Gardiner & Linda Schaller
music by Ami Gardiner*

RECESSIONAL

MORNING HAS BROKEN

*Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world*

*Sweet the rains new fall, sunlit from Heaven
Like the first dewfall on the first grass
Praise for the sweetness of the wet garden
Sprung in completeness where His feet pass*

*Mine is the sunlight, mine is the morning
Born of the one light, Eden saw play
Praise with elation, praise every morning
God's recreation of the new day*

*Morning has broken like the first morning
Blackbird has spoken like the first bird
Praise for the singing, praise for the morning
Praise for them springing fresh from the world*

THE WAY OF LOVE

1 Corinthians 13.1-3

If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but do not have love, I am a resounding gong or a clanging cymbal. If I have the gift of prophecy and can fathom all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have faith that can move mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give all I possess to the poor and surrender my body to the flames, but have not love I gain nothing.

Love is patient, love is kind, It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It is not rude, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres.

Love never fails. But where there are prophecies, they will cease; where there are tongues, they will be stilled; where there is knowledge, it will pass away. For we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when perfection comes, the imperfection disappears. When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put my childish ways behind me. Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know fully, even as I am fully known.

And now these three remain: faith, hope and love. But the greatest of these is love.

STAGES OF LOVE

*I'm seventeen and I think I've met my wife
I've never kissed a girl who smelt so nice
My heart's as full as a fat man's sock
I love her like I want to die*

*I'm twenty-seven, and I love my wife
We both want children and it's very nice
To pour our money out to the restaurateurs
Paint out the nursery, drinking imported beers
It's a golden time, our honeymoon*

*Oh, how to make love grow?
oh, does anyone know?*

*I'm thirty-seven and I think I love my wife
When we're all alone it still feels right
But I'd like to know why we're always tired
Too tired to make love, but not to fight
But the kids are happy so I guess we might as well
just see it through, night by night*